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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How the D—* went pleasuring.

Some wise man once remarked, that all things human have an end. That was his opinion and it has obtained extensive currency. Now though my observation shows me that many things human have *not* come to an end, still I am not disposed to dispute the proposition. Take the human race, for instance; I know that it still exists this side the ocean, and have faith that it holds its own on the other. Yet why should not man die out finally, like the dodo? And after the earth has undergone divers transformations and is again fitted to be the habitation of intellectual beings, why not a new race occupy her surface, slowly developed in the lapse of ages, say, from the bat, — a race like the common notion of angels or Peter Wilkins's flying islanders? I see in fancy, that in those days it shall come to pass, that some future Whitney, studying the new strata of the earth's crust, finds a clavicle and possibly a lower jaw — the strong point in so many men — of the extinct animal; his contemporaneous Hall describes and classifies the fossil; Hill discusses its curves and angles mathematically; and a new Wyman folds the drapery of his wings about him and lies down to the pleasant dream of reconstructing the entire animal from the fragments. What a glorious joke it would be, could a feminine specimen of the (human) animal — one of those, whose circumference is such that it takes two omnibuses to hold her — be preserved in some bed of limestone, like fossil shells — nothing but her form, her outer superficialities (tautologically speaking)! What a subject for discussion in the new earth's "Association for the Advancement of Science" — what a topic for a volume of the new earth's "Smithsonian" contributions to knowledge! Especially if a male specimen in tights happened to be fossilized near her; — the disparity between a queen bee and her mate would be nothing to it.

I dare not pursue the topic farther in a paper devoted to "Literature and Art" to the exclusion of science — but hope that these few lines may be admitted. Though to some things human the end is not yet, my visit in Breslau did come to a close; on Monday the 13th of June; but not my visit to my friend the professor, for he took me out for a week among the Silesian mountains — the Riesengebirge — Giant Mountains — the abode of yore of Rübezahl, or, as somebody has anglicized his name, Nummernip, — that is to say, the turnip counter.

"Pfingsten war der Fest der Freude,"
*Was Pentecost, the feast of gladness,

and a little after noon we were in the long train filled to crowding with people of all classes and conditions, bent upon a few days of country air and enjoyment, running southwardly, the towers of Breslau sinking, dim and misty, behind, and that blue mass of mountain, with its chapel on the summit, the Zobten, which for weeks had looked so invitingly to me in the distance, rising,

* Diarist.

and exchanging its blue garment for one of green forests and fields as we drew nearer. We left it however upon our left, where it veiled its face with a heavy thunder cloud. Hardly an hour on the way and already in Freiburg? Yes, but this is only a short road of twenty-odd miles to connect the mountain district with the Silesian capital.

Speaking of railroads — I must indulge for a moment in an episode — an indulgence easily justified, if need be. And that too by the principles of musical composition — as thus: One does not always feel in the mood, either auditor or performer, for musical compositions regular in form, of perfect logical construction, in which a theme with counter-subject or subjects is wrought out according to the strict rules of the schools. One does not at all times and places demand a Bach fugue upon the organ, or a strict sonata upon the pianoforte. In this hot weather, with the dog-star raging, the player likes to sit down in the cool of the evening and give his fancy free range, and draw forth from his instrument groups of tones and melodic passages, whose connection has no other logic than the course of feeling in his own breast; and we sitting, or rather stretched upon the sofa or carpet, where the evening breeze has full sweep across our heated brows, just give ourselves up to our friend's inspiration and ask of him no Beethoven, no Mozart, no Bach. We go to the lecture room and hear Emerson discourse of deep things. That is one thing. But on such an evening we sit and enjoy — if talk takes the place of music — the conversation of one whose mind is rich in power, fancy, experience and observation, demanding of him no other sequence of thought and expression than that arising from the mood of the speaker. We follow him without labor as he passes from maxim to anecdote, now touching us with some delicate sentiment, now awaking a smile by some sparkle of wit, now shaking our sides by broad farcical humor. Our talker is not *discoursing*, lecturing, stating an argument; he is giving us a conversational *fantasia*. But this fantasia must be rigidly under the control of at least common sense. Mere talk, an everlasting, wishy-washy stream of words will never do; nothing can be more tedious.

So in music, a mere flying of the fingers over the keys, a stringing together of pianoforte passages, runs and trills, with skips and leaps, and whisperings and thunderings — all this is naught. There must be common sense too in music. One of the greatest of jokes to me is to hear one of your finger-gymnasts play his own "Grande Fantasia sur les themes de" — any opera you please. He gives you three or four or any number of melodies out of this and that opera, strung together by the same connecting links, enveloped in the same groups and runs of notes; in short, he has a framework into which this evening he sticks this picture, to-morrow that. Fantasia — fudge! Such compositions are like parson Nollcum's sermons. Every Sunday he had two new texts and two different sets of quotations from

Scripture; but all his own talk interspersed was nearly word for word the same.

A real fantasia is a piece in which the artist gives his fantasy — his fantastic fancy — free range. Hence before the musician can write a fantasia he must have a fancy — which a majority of fantasy manufacturers do not seem to know.

Now, one of the main "peculiaristics" of a real fantasia is its episodes; and as it is too hot weather to write articles, I am trying my hand at an epistolary fantasia, wherein episodes are perfectly justifiable.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

The Episode. Speaking of railroads. Within a year, said the D— to himself, I have travelled some 15 to 18 hundred miles on these German roads and have been but once or twice even slightly annoyed by smoke, dust, jarring and jolting, or by thunder of the train such as to interfere with conversation. Whereas at home —! Does my quondam fellow-traveller remember the ride from Detroit, west, when she not only had to bear the horrors of that middle passage in her own person, but very soon had the additional burden of all the whims and caprices of a total stranger — the frau Bishoppess — and that too throughout all the dreary, weary hours of that horrible day? That was American railroad travelling! And does she remember too, how, next day, when the great lady was refreshed and costumed and sat in state, with "great folks" about her, that she could not even cast a common "good morning" to us "little folks"? Certainly it was reward enough for you, that she had condescended the preceding day to allow you to make yourself a living sacrifice to her! When my friend Charles brought home his beautiful and altogether lovely European wife, they landed at Boston, and her first experience of American railroad travelling was from that city to Albany. She had full faith in the superior excellence of everything American, but was obliged in the course of the day to express some slight misgivings in this matter. It was only by firmly keeping before her mind that certain oddities which she observed, were to be viewed merely in the light of proofs of the glorious political and social freedom of her new countrymen, that she was able, during this first day's ride, to be quite pleased with the difference between American and German railroad travelling. Of these "oddities," one was the entrance into the car of a constable with two malefactors, handcuffed, who were placed in the next seat — a glorious example of the equality which reigns among our free and enlightened citizens — for in Europe they would have been shut up in a car by themselves like a pair of oxen; another was her first opportunity of forming a conception through her eyes, nose, stomach, and dress, of the fascinations of "fine cut" and "cavendish"; and a third that in such a land of liberty, no provision is made by which a small party of friends can, if they please, have a small separate room in a car by themselves; but every reasonable person sees, as she did very

soon, that liberty and equality mean that Pat O' Donnegan, having dined on bread, onions and whiskey with a duodeen for dessert, has a right to the other half of the seat in the car in which your sister or your wife is sitting, but not that she has any right to be so exclusive as to purchase a separate place where Pat cannot enter. But I am digressing in my digression — which is rather too much. To return to the point, which is that of the smoke and dust and jar and noise of our roads compared with the general absence of them on these.

I am patriotic — as patriotic as Topsy was wicked. I could discourse upon my patriotism by the hour, now and then turning somersets, like that heroine, by way of punctuation. But with all my patriotism, I could not but confess that a railroad ride at home in a hot day of summer is something to make a stout heart quail, while here, even in the third class, it is in general a positive enjoyment — certainly to me. Now as everything at home is better than here — because every thing there is American, but here it is not, — of course there must be good reasons, excellent reasons, reasons as plenty as blackberries for the smoke and dust and all the et ceteras of our roads. I ruminated long on this subject; in fact, nearly half my way from Prague to Brünn, the other day, it was the subject of my thoughts, and not until I was able to cry with Archimedes, "*Eureka!*" was the mind at ease. But the question was solved! *Ecce.*

We are an eminently religious people. We, as a nation, are clad in godliness, as a porcupine in quills — it sticks out all over us. With us the only passport to public honors and the favor of the community is immaculate purity of daily walk and conversation. Not the greatest, perhaps, in all cases, but the best of men become the servants of the commonwealth, so that as we rise in the scale, our public bodies — a New York common council or a Congress at Washington for instances — are indeed assemblies of the saints. Accidents happen sometimes, as in the case of Sumner, but then exceptions only prove rules. This godly spirit, so eminently conspicuous in our legislative halls, pervades all ranks and classes — if such a phrase may be used where in fact exist neither ranks nor classes — and railroad companies are no exceptions. In their case, however, the ruling idea is a sort of missionary spirit — the roads are constructed with a view to impressing divine truth upon such as ride; thus the journey between New York and New Haven, upon a hot summer's day, gives a Catholic no faint idea of purgatory, while that from Albany to New York along the river, gives the Calvinist the most felicitous human imitation of those regions which lie beyond. Since evil communications corrupt good manners, communication is made generally difficult, oftentimes impossible; and care is taken that accidents shall occur often enough to keep the passengers in mind of the truth: "in the midst of life we are in death."

To this point my reflections led me and I felt how much superior our system is to that of Germany — not so comfortable indeed, but so improving!

And so my mind was at ease and the episode ends. The episode serves another good purpose; for, meantime, the Professor has talked with the officials, great and small, at the (Silesian) Freyburg railroad station, and made up his mind as to

routes and plans for to-day and to-morrow, all which particulars are spared the reader, who will, at this moment, find us at Hiller's hotel, at the corner of the Freiburg market place; on "the Ring," as they call the principal market-places, in Silesian towns.

Dame Nature is one of the best of old ladies, pleasant and well-disposed; not merely willing to give us the necessities of life but putting herself out to add to its enjoyments and delights. She has two abhorrences; the one, a vacuum, in which all the children of men agree with her, at least to the extent of pocket and stomach, if not the head; the other, straight lines, wherein mankind in general disagree with her. Here too are exceptions; when she works in the dark darkly, as in the manufacture of crystals or in stratifying rocks, she indulges in straight lines, and now and then a Hogarth discovers the line of beauty and grace. A great while ago, I suppose in the time of the Saurians or a little later — not the Sawins, for they are a modern Massachusetts family, and built the first corn mill for Eliot's Indians at Natick — the old lady heaped up the mountains between the level countries, now Silesia and Bohemia. She in process of time rounded their summits, curved the lines which unite them, and used the surplus earth for various ends; among them that of spreading a noble table land at the foot of the chain on the side opposite the great Silesian plain. She then collected the water which fell upon the mountain tops or which gushed in springs from their sides, and with it cut deep ravines and gorges through the table land, opening out into broader and most beautiful valleys. The mountain sides and the broad fields, the beds of coal, the veins of minerals and the healing springs of this region she gave man for his necessities; but these ravines are for his delight and recreation. One of them, the Fürstensteiner Grund, we are just now, between two and three in the afternoon, leaving Hiller's hotel to see. So the professor leads the way down the street, to the little river, and here we turn up the valley, following it, noting the proofs of enterprise and industry all along, in the neat comfortable cottages, with their gardens, fruit trees, flowers, and singing birds, in the mills, which the little river is dammed to turn, and in the occasional dwelling of some wealthy proprietor.

In Breslau I had seen no beggary, hardly any proofs of poverty; during the ride hither, I have seen the palatial residence of a man who began life with nothing and now has an income of 50 to 60,000 dollars per annum; all along the twenty-odd miles, which we have traversed since noon, nothing but the most smiling picture of prosperity and happiness; and so now in our walk along this little river, on each side, the road is lined with neat, clean (wonderfully so for German peasantry) cottages, many of them, in fact, regular American log houses, only nicer than ours, and many of them having additions in brick equal in extent or even greater than the original dwelling — everything betokening prosperity, nothing anywhere during our walk speaking of poverty. By and by, it began to cloud up and a shower came on, of which we caught a few drops before we could reach a small peasant inn, away up towards the end of the long straggling street, a place of resort, no doubt, for the mechanics and laboring people of Freyburg on a Sunday or other holiday. For on the other side of the

street was a bit of garden with arbors and coffee alcoves, and a covered place for bowling, where a party of young men and maidens were amusing themselves, on this Pentecost holiday.

Was it not Swift, who wrote to this effect?

"How I want thee, humorous Hogarth,
Then, I hear, a pleasant rogue art."

He wanted the painter to draw for him, so I want some one to give my friends (the seventeen persons who will really read all this — if Dwight prints it), a nice drawing of this little peasant tavern, outside and in. From the broad paved or tiled passage, passing through the house, the rear door opening into a courtyard devoted to horses, cows, pigs, geese, ducks, chicks, and et ceteras, opened to the right the door of the "guest-room" — a quite large apartment. As we entered, on our right, occupying the corner of the room, was a sort of bar, on our left a place for cooking built up precisely like a blacksmith's fireplace with us. Two or three great dressers or beaufats, or whatever you please to call them, held the crockery and glass, and along the window sides of the room unpainted tables with settees to match, clean and neat as sand, soap and water would make them.

A bustling, lively landlady was ready to receive us and to make us the coffee and give us the glass of milk with which we strengthened ourselves to await the return of sunshine. As to landlord, whether there was one? An old granddaddy-ly looking body sat still in a corner and took ten minute looks at us now and then, as if we were a little beyond his experience. But he could not have been the "Wirth."

Two or three boys in Sunday's best — not of very finest quality though — apparently "coming the swell" on a minute scale, drank beer, ate black bread, and that sort of cheese, which sends off a whole laboratory complement of sulphuretted hydrogen — not musk by any means — and, I believe, smoked. They finally "paid up," I noticed, with an air of "darn the expense", just as I have so often seen at home. And at still another table two or three men were playing cards. So we sat by ourselves, sipped our coffee and milk, made our remarks and chatted in English, doing, as to the weather, as they are said to do in Spain, let it rain. Here come a guest or two. One is a woman, whom they all seem to know, and every face brightens up; the landlady kisses her; the card players greet her with brightened faces, old grand-dad looks happy; and even the professor and I feel her influence. A common peasant woman, strong and muscular, but blithe, straight, quick in motion; face, which no delicacy of rearing would have made regularly handsome, no exposure, no hard labor could render ugly; a woman not made of fine porcelain, like the "upper ten," but of common clay, which had been lying absorbing sunbeams, Lord knows how long. And now she radiates them. There is no lack of jokes and repartees. She overlooks the card-players and laughs at their mistakes. They challenge her to a game. She accepts, talking and joking all the time, and wins. Now why is it, that in all this peasant woman does and says, we discern a certain air of refinement and delicacy? How does she avoid crossing that invisible line beyond which lies the common, the vulgar? As well ask how Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Handel give us melodies, which the change of two or three notes would deprive at once of their del-

icacy and refinement, and yet they always avoid those notes.

Here are some new comers, a couple of musicians; there was to have been band music somewhere up the "Grund," but the rain which has dashed their coats dashed their hopes too. So they stop here to soothe their disappointment with a seidel of beer.

By and bye the rain was over and we went on our way; but previously the Professor had roguishly told the Wirthin that his companion was a "born American"! That was great news — you should have seen them look!

"Why have I said so much about the peasant woman?"

Simply because I thought her another illustration of the value of sunshine.

At length we turned to the left, crossed the little river, passed by a linen mill or two, and then into the path leading to the Schweitzerei — a little house of entertainment, at the foot of the hill, on the edge of as lovely a bit of meadow as is often to be seen — lying between two ridges and bounded at the farther end by woods. A beautifully kept path led along the valley, and where it struck the woods turned abruptly again to the left, and we were in the "Fürstensteiner Grund."

On either hand an exceedingly steep slope, sometimes rocky precipices, covered with dense forest, a lively, noisy brook dashing along down its stony bed, the best of paths leading the way along its course — all cool, quiet, fragrant and dreamy — birds chirping and piping, trout playing in the pools — dear me, it was so delicious! So we wound along — there being no straight lines — and crossed the brook on a rustic bridge. Then suddenly it grew lighter in the gorge, for on the other side the forest was cut away, and there on a point of land where the Grund makes an angle, on a precipice higher than Bunkerhill monument, stood the grand castle — partly old, it was a strong-hold in the time of the Hussite wars, partly new, in the fine French Chateau style of a century since — of prince or count somebody, the owner of all these meadows, and gorges and forests. I believe the owner is a Count Hochberg — but not having occasion to correspond with him, I was not particular as to name, title and address. Whoever he is, he is a noble nobleman in the best sense, but a most un-American one. Suppose for a moment that I owned this establishment. Being an American, overflowing with patriotism, believing the glittering generality that all men are born free and equal, that one man is just as good as another and a great deal better, my first step would be to enclose all this part of my property with a high fence. At the mouth of the Grund I should put up warnings to all trespassers, that if caught on these grounds they should be prosecuted. For what under heaven is the use of owning such a lovely bit of nature if I can't keep it to myself? If Rag, Tag and Bobtail, and all their brethren of the mob, can have as much benefit from it as I, and yet I be at all the expense?

No, no. We Americans are cute. We know divers things. We charge admission fees into all our caves. We have to pay twenty-five cents to see the falls of Montmorency, or to cross to Goat island at Niagara — of course it is worth it, and that quarter of a dollar saves us democrats from contact with many a poor person to whom 25 cts. is a day's food.

But Hochberg still holds to the antiquated, ridiculous

notions of his European ancestors, — belonging as he does to the aristocracy of a monarchy and not being a free and enlightened citizen of our glorious country. So he has had the most perfect paths possible constructed all along the Grund, both below and above, with tablets directing the stranger to the finest points of view, where the precipices jut out over the gorge; has built the Schweigerei in the meadow below, and fitted up the old castle to which we are coming presently, as places of entertainment, with a tariff of prices, so adjusted as to be within the means of the poor, and near the new chateau a fine hotel for the accommodation of guests of higher rank. It is but natural that he and his family should not wish to be constantly intruded upon by everybody, and so, while the grounds are perfectly free to prince and peasant alike, the peasant is induced by difference in expense to "patronize" the Wirths of the two lesser 'Guest-houses,' rather than him of the hotel. Having enjoyed the view of the Castle long enough we went on now rapidly ascending — until I was brought to by the path ending against a barrier on the brink of a precipice — not high enough to injure one much in falling therefrom, but so lofty as to make alighting on the rocks below a dangerous termination of the fall. After enjoying my surprise a moment the Professor called me back a few feet and took me through a narrow passage cut in the living rock, whence the path rapidly ascended, and brought us in another quarter of an hour to the 'old' castle of Fürstenstein. The old castle, for there are two, on opposite sides of the gorge; this one having been in the good old days of robber dens, a sort of outpost to the other. It was once mostly in ruins, but has been restored, and is now a small but very good specimen of the castle of romance. Of course there are changes.

The moat is a garden. The drawbridge a solid one. The Lord of the castle, the landlord; the high-born lady, the landlady; the maids of honor are maids of all work; the chamberlain, a chain-bearer; the cupbearers, bearers of cups. Instead of the donjon, demijohns; the visitor cries not to the Warder, "Blow your winding horn" — but takes a horn himself.

To illustrate.

THEN. — The Lady Guldikunda sat by the open window occasionally casting her glance into the beautiful vale below; but mostly with her eyes fixed upon the altarcloth, which she was embroidering in golden and silver threads, in pursuance of the vow she had made in praying protection for the loved one now far away fighting the infidel in defence of the holy sepulchre. Why does her color heighten, and her gentle heart go pit-a-pat? Lo, she hears the sound of the clatter of hoofs as two horsemen come winding up the steep ascent, and now announce their approach to the castle by sound of trumpet. The highborn dame, her mother, draws near and in gentle but lofty accents accosts her beauteous daughter thus:

"Thou art sad, my daughter. But sadness be-fitteth not the daughter of the Fürstensteins. Lay aside thy embroidery and come with me into the hall of audience, that we may fittingly receive these 'two horsemen,' who perhaps, having wandered in all the lands of Romance, may now, by the grace of James, bring us tidings from the holy Land."

The Lady Guldikunda, &c., (the rest anybody can supply.)

Now. — Gretel stood just outside of the window, now and then looking down into the valley, but mostly with her eyes fixed upon the beer glasses which she was washing, in pursuance of the promise she had made to do all work for a certain stipendium, amounting with Christmas gift to about \$30 American money per annum. Why does her color heighten, &c. She hears a party of students coming up the path and announcing their approach by a loud song and still louder laughter, and, as she knows she is pretty, she expects not a few kisses and as many groschen as kisses. The landlady, her mistress, now calls sharply to the pretty maiden: Gretel, let the glasses be, wipe your hands and come in, for a party of students are calling for beer." Whereupon Gretel, &c., —

I like Now best.

The Professor and I crossed the bridge, passed under the arch, where no portcullis now threatens, to the castle, turning into the Grand Saloon — that is, the main public room. Somewhat weary, out of breath and a little wet, I needed something — or, to give the idea in its exact shade of truth, *wanted* something. As my memory on all occasions like this turns homeward with an ardent longing for old friends to share my pleasure with me, so now my thoughts wandered to Cambridge, and the association of ideas brought to mind just the medicine wanted; of which I give a recipe, for happily I found all the materials, save one, in the Castle.

"Fresh sweet milk, 1 pint.
Pure Cognac, 1-2 gill.
Sac. Alba, quant. suff.
Mix and imbibe slowly."

(The ingredient wanting was a nutmeg for flavor.)

The Lord of the Castle was a disappointed man. The rain had reduced his visitors on this feast of gladness from hundreds to dozens. But he took his misfortune bravely and chatted with us kindly — as landlords do — or ought to. He told us how the Graf v. Hochberg, having had the old buildings thoroughly repaired — whether the present Graf or a predecessor matters not — had made them the receptacle of divers curiosities in the antiquarian and military line. We saw them — for a heavy shower kept us under shelter. A collection of ancient goblets and other glass ware proved very curious indeed, and would be a treasure to the gentleman, who shall finish the history of the Lady Guldikunda begun above; so too a quantity of queer old furniture, tables, chairs and the like, much of which has its history and is good as a novel when it rains; there was a camp bed of Frederick II, Carlyle's hero, a narrow, low, short iron stead, with a hard mattress and tentlike hangings. It reminded me of the remark which Wellington, "they say," made when he overheard the woman say of his: "Lor' — 'tisn't wide enough to turn in!" — Madam, when you begin to turn in your bed, it is time to turn out!"

In a sort of tower room above — not the tower of the Castle — were ranged the ancient arms, a small but very choice collection, cross bows, the springs of steel and so stiff that a winch was necessary to bend them; specimens of the earliest firearms, two of which, with the stocks inlaid with exquisite ivory work, are finer than any which I saw either in the Tower of London, the Zwinger at Dresden, or in fact any of the many collections which I have visited. Fine specimens of the weapons of the Turks in the days when they

were the terror of Europe; of the Christian ingenuity of the middle ages in devising horrible instruments for hand to hand slaughter; various styles of defensive armor, of different periods—these form the bulk of this little museum. In another room was a remarkably fine writing-desk, some seven feet in height, of ebony and tortoise-shell—a gift from some royal or princely somebody, to some royal or princely somebody-ess—ever so long ago. And so forth, to say nothing of that long, long string of portraits, which hang in the passage way to the little chapel, and which in part are either very queer specimens of painting, or paintings of very queer specimens of men. But then they belong to the very babyhood of Art.

A party of eight or ten peasants, most of them young fellows and girls, went through the rooms with us, and showed much appreciation of the artistic and historic interest of what we saw. There is no established fee, and from the poorer classes a groschen or two apiece from such a party is all that is expected. From others more. "So, after all, your old castle with its curiosities is a mean, money making concern!"

Not so fast, Obadiah. If Count Hochberg wished really to make money out of the concern, he has but to let it to some city hotel keeper to become a place of summer residence for fashionable people. It would be full all the time.

But it is not so. Men of his station are proud to show a noble and princely generosity to the poorer people. The small rent, which such a place pays, hardly covers the interest of the money expended upon it, with the expense of keeping all in order and repair. For a tourist, who is traversing Europe, this little nest would certainly not be worth going out of the way to see. But for the dense population of this region, few of whom have the means or time to travel, especially for children of the poor, the little old castle, with its illustrations of past ages, has a very great value. Suppose it could be transported by some Aladdin's Genie to a hilltop in old Massachusetts; would it not be worth a whole library of chivalrous romances, as a historic picture of an age of which our country can have no monuments? No; the same feeling which causes the Count to throw open his beautiful grounds with all their rare and valuable trees, shrubs and flowers, to the full enjoyment of prince and peasant alike, has led him also to gather the relics of the old time, collected by his ancestors through ages of chivalrous warfare, into the rooms of the old castle, for the entertainment and instruction of all. It is a glorious feeling, and meets its reward in the respect and affection in which the Count and his family are held by all about them. There is no revolutionary spirit among the people of such parts of Germany—there can be none.

A triangular precipice jutting out into the gorge—the base of the triangle defined by the moat—along the base and up one side, the ranges of buildings—at the apex, the tower, within which is the chapel—the remaining space, forming an irregular quadrangle, a court planted with trees, with a delicious prospect to the West—the West, I guess, for the cardinal points of the compass had become, in spite of the huge 'humps' of locality, which nature, or rather the phrenologists, have given me, as twisted, confused and incomprehensible as those of any Theology with which I am conversant. Not a very lofty tower,

but high enough to give a clear view along over the tree tops—and what a view! To the North and East (guess work again) the range of mountain tops—not Alpine, vast and sublime, but of forms of exceeding beauty and just far enough away to wear the mysterious garment of blue in which mountains delight—hitherward, from their bases the table land, rolling, and undulating, occasionally sinking into valleys, cultivated to the extreme, waving with golden harvest fields, enlivened by villages and towns; at our feet the Fürstensteiner Grund, dark with firs, and so deliciously and invitingly cool and shady; then the grand old Chateau, over on yonder broader point, with its outbuildings and its park; and away in the distance such a glorious reach of country!

I ascended the tower two or three times. The first time I was driven below by a thunderstorm, which came rolling down in huge masses of blackness from the mountains, with the lightnings playing along its front; the last time, the storm was vanishing in the distance, its huge voice but a mighty murmur, its blackness now silvered by the sunbeams and enlivened by the rainbow. I was in the mood for enjoyment after so many months in the weary monotony of the North German plains, and I did enjoy to the full—to the full; and by and bye a sentiment of reverent gratitude came welling up from the fountain of feeling—Ach, der lieber Gott! It is indeed a goodly heritage which He has given his human children for a dwelling place!

Then we went on our way again; looking once more at the 'Lists' on the other side the moat, where the Silesian nobility held the tournament in 1802, after the restoration of the old Castle, the then young King Frederick William III. and his beautiful wife Louise, being present; few of the merry makers of that day, but had more serious battles to fight in the next fifteen years, and with other weapons, than the lances and banners, which still hang in the museum that we saw an hour since; down into the Grund and past those groups of fir-trees—the finest I ever saw and which are among the beautiful things that memory will retain—over the bridge and up the more than 300 stone steps to the other side—broad paths through the groves, where not only indigenous but a great variety of foreign trees grow luxuriantly—turning down to the favorite points of view, "table rocks," jutting out over the edges—and so on to the gardens, with their flower plots, and stretches of green sward, and clumps of flowering shrubs, azaleas, rhododendrons, roses &c., and avenues of noble lindens, to the chateau, where we went into the narrow court of the old part, where in the Hussite wars a siege was successfully resisted, and into the grand gala dining hall adorned with frescos and oil paintings in the French style, which prevailed all over the continent a hundred years ago—into the range of new apartments, one of which is to be the silver, another the gold room, those metals only to be used in the finish—but the war has scattered the workmen and their labors have ceased—out upon the iron balcony where is the exquisite view into and up the Grund, to the old castle and to woods and hills beyond—again through the gardens and down the long, long avenue to the little river where we entered the road again and, in the cool of the evening, returned to Hiller's hotel in Freyburg.

And so ended the D's first day of pleasuring.

"Handel Studies" Reviewed.

(From the London Musical World.)

(Continued.)

We are really obliged, being somewhat out of breath, paradox after paradox, *non sequitur* after *non sequitur*, absurdity after absurdity, crowding and jostling each other in this infinitely strange production, this confused jumble of words, this motley crowd of sentences, which, under the name of *Handel Studies*, Mr. Chorley has put forth to the world, and which, on the three days of the Handel Festival, was exposed for sale in the Crystal Palace, mortifying purchasers, who (like the keen reporter for *The Daily Telegraph*) sought wisdom and information in its pages, and found nothing they could clearly make out, except that Handel was "the son of a substantial surgeon sixty-three years of age at his birth." Take, for instance, a paradox which is neither more nor less than an outrage upon common sense:

"And, leaning for yet a moment longer to the side of speculation, let us consider, whether in the groupings of voices and keys which separate *The Messiah* from other of Handel's works" (!) "any imperfect suggestion of the four Evangelists may have been present to the great master* in arranging his work for its four recitants; and this without gainsaying the fact, that, as a whole, the oratorio may have been (to repeat Zelter's epithet) 'accidental' in its contrivance."

Putting aside the wildness of this "speculation," its reckless audacity is made more evident by the fact that the words of *The Messiah* are chiefly taken from *Isaiah* and the *Prophets*—that the *Psalms*, *Lamentations*, and *Job*; the *Acts*, the *Epistles* to the *Hebrews* and *Corinthians*; even the *Revelations*, are largely borrowed from; and that one of the Evangelists, Mark, is altogether overlooked. Mr. Chorley must have been indulging in what he terms (No. I, page 46), "a personal dream,"† whatever that may signify? As a paradox-proper, it is "without peer or paragon" (p. 22).

To pass, however, from paradox to plim, here is a plim, an antithetical plim, of the "sublime without whiskers" species (p. 25):

"What was possible after such a close to what may be called the introductory portion‡ of the oratorio? Merely contrast; and contrast without contradiction is attained in the highest possible degree in the Pastoral Symphony."

"Contrast without contradiction" is about as good as the "affectionate suavity" (page 25), which, according to this singular writer, distinguishes the Pastoral Symphony of the *Messiah* from the introduction to the Christmas Anthem of John Sebastian Bach, who, with the flippancy that rarely deserts him when alluding to that incomparable musician, and the incoherency that rarely deserts him under any circumstances, Mr. Chorley declares to be "often pertinent than attractive." With reference to the recitative, "And lo! the angel of the Lord," we are informed that, "the undulation of the *arpeggiato* accompaniment of violins enhances the placidity of the effect by the introduction of a quiet, not a stagnant, radiance." Had the writer been here in his antithetical humor, "Quiet without stagnancy" might have served his turn. And now, to conclude for the present, "let us, for a moment," once again "lean to the side of the transcendentalists," and extract, for the more profound among our readers, a passage about music, more hopelessly obscure than any thing of the same length in the late Thomas Taylor's translation of Aristotle's *Ethics*:

"There is no fixed alphabet of sounds, forms, keys, rhythms, or phrases in music, imaginatively considered, no inexorable distribution of what is empty and what is full, of what is animate and what is inanimate, such as unmusical, and uninventive and unscientific musicians have, of late years, thought it proper to nail as a condition, by way of requisition and of self-defence, on the body, on the soul, of their art."

"What then? (What then? indeed!) "Has music no ascertainable purpose? no definite meaning? Is it merely an unknown tongue, without a possible dictionary?" (If the tongue is unknown, it would be hard to make a dictionary). "Not wholly, 'Yes,' not altogether, 'No,' might be the reply; though to trace the limits of affirmative and negative would baffle the power of the most subtle definer."

"By way of requisition and of self-defence," we should like very much to "nail, as a condition, on

* Mr. Yellowplush might suggest that the "suggestion" instead of being "present to the great master," would have presented itself to the great master.

† Yellowplush!—what is a "personal dream"?—and what would be an impersonal dream?

‡ It may be so called, without offence—being neither more nor less.

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Allegro.

The image displays a page of a musical score for the piece "Der Giovanni" by Franz Liszt. The score is written for piano and violin. At the top, the title "DER GIOVANNI" is centered, with "Allegro." to its right. The tempo marking "Moderato." appears further down. The score is in 2/4 time. It features complex piano accompaniment with many chords and arpeggios, and a violin part with various melodic lines. Dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *cres.* (crescendo), and *tr* (trills) are used throughout. The notation includes treble and bass staves for the piano, and a single staff for the violin. The page is numbered "1" in the bottom right corner.

42 Don Giovanni.

p

p

f *p* *ff* *piu stretto.*

ACT II.

No. 15.
Duetto.
*Eh via
buffone.*

Allegro assai.

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It begins with a tempo marking of *Allegro assai.* and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The score consists of eight systems, each with a piano staff and a violin staff. The piano part is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment, often with dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano), and occasional *cres.* (crescendo) markings. The violin part features a melodic line with various articulations, including trills (*tr.*) and accents. The overall mood is lively and playful, consistent with the tempo and the lyrics "Eh via buffone." (Go on, clown!).

No. 16.

Terzetto.

*Ah taci, in-
giusta core.*

Allegretto.

f *tr*

p *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

the soul" of Mr. Chorley a clear statement of what the above sentences may happen to signify; but as to drive a nail into a soul (perhaps a sole, not the fish, but the sole of a boot, is meant) would be a hopeless process, we are compelled to put up with the mystification, and regard the whole passage as an "inexorable distribution of what is empty" of meaning, "and what is full" of conceit, a specimen of jargon only to be compared with the ravings of Ancient Pistol.

"Come we to full points here; and are et ceteras nothing?"

In falling foul of Zelter, the friend of Goethe and instructor of Mendelssohn, Mr. Chorley is oracular beyond the average. Zelter was for placing the Pastoral Symphony between "The people that walked in darkness," and "For unto us a child is born," instead of where it really stands in the score. This affords the author of *Handel Studies* an opportunity of letting out all he knows about keys, "a subject," he tells us, "which has engaged many fanciful persons." Mr. Chorley, as "fanciful," at least, as the most "fanciful" of his predecessors, lays down the law in a foot-note, which embodies among other pretty things an anecdote:

"This very chorus* reminds me of a session of a musical society at which it seemed agreed by all and sundry sitters, among them competent men who did not talk for the sake of talking, that no grand composition had ever been written in the key of G major; till a speaker from a corner cited this chorus, and 'See the conquering hero comes,' from Handel alone."

That the erudite pundit "from a corner," who thus opportunely enlightened the "competent men who did not talk for the sake of talking," was Mr. Chorley himself, may be gathered from the complacency with which the anecdote is narrated. Nevertheless, were the story told by any less "pertinent" authority we should have given it small credit, and have felt inclined to set down the "competent men" as a set of incompetent noodles, and the voice "from a corner" as the voice of one not better informed than themselves. A list of remarkable compositions in the key of G major could readily be furnished to exhaust a page of our smallest type. At the head of it might stand Beethoven's piano-forte concerto No. 4, surely a grander piece, if not a finer in its way, than "See the conquering hero comes," unless the term "grand" have no other signification than what may happen to suit at a given moment any particular "freak" of the author of *Handel Studies*. To the concerto might be added a piano-forte sonata (No. 1, Op. 31), from the same pen, which has every right to be denominated "grand." Then, if Beethoven's quartet (Op. 18) be rejected, that of Mozart, in the set dedicated to Haydn (one of the "grandest" of whose "grand" symphonies, by the way, is in G major), will assuredly not. Spohr's orchestral symphony, No. 6 (*The Historical*), is in the same key, besides very many more instrumental compositions by that master (illustrious in spite of Mr. Chorley), all unexceptionably "grand." Without advancing further, however, or passing on to choral music, enough has been adduced to show that the "all and sundry sitters" (including the gentleman "from the corner"), at the "session," the memory of which Mr. Chorley has immortalized, were by no means overburdened with a store of knowledge on the particular subject they were discussing.

The "anecdote" is followed by one of those platitudes, pompously enunciated, that distinguish the author of *Handel Studies* from his contemporaries:

"Convenience† in keys is another affair; one to be ruled by a master's experience of his materials."

The common-place, however, is sufficient, unless illustrated; and so ("to complete the whimsy") we have the following:

"All tenor songs must now (to suit the fashion of the day) be written in the key of D flat, for the sake of the A flat above the line, which is a charming note on the vocal instrument. One might, again, be struck with the small amount of choral music written in the key of E major, if one did not recollect the height to which its position on the scale must necessarily drive the voices."

The first sentence may be met by a flat denial, supported, if necessary, by a whole catalogue of modern tenor songs not in D flat. This reckless habit of generalizing is as much a peculiarity of Mr. Chorley as the pompous enunciation of platitudes, and leads him at times into egregious blundering. With respect to the "small amount of choral music written in the key of E major," the reason put forth is absurd. The same would apply to E minor, a favorite key with

composers; and still more strongly to F (another favorite key), because the latter is half a tone higher on the scale. By what process of reasoning the author of *Handel Studies* can have reached the conclusion that the key of E major is calculated to "drive the voices" higher than that of E minor, we are puzzled to guess.

After having enlightened the world in the matter of keys, Mr. Chorley administers two or three smart finger-taps on the cheek of "few" Zelter, whose "ingenious analysis of *The Messiah*, for the instruction of Goethe, is as interesting as it is far-fetched," but, though "ingenious" and "interesting," not at all calculated "for the instruction of" Mr. Chorley. The innovation suggested by Zelter (already mentioned) is thus summarily discussed:

"The people that walked' is in B minor; 'For unto us' is in G major; and the propriety recommended by Zelter is to intrude a movement in C major betwixt the two; a fancy somewhat cacophonous in point of sequence."—"The lengths to which the pedantic desire of exhausting a subject by over-appreciation will lead a superior man, have rarely gone further than in this instance."

Now we have no wish to advocate the cause of Mr. Zelter; but we must enter a very strong protest against mere shows of words, which, having no absolute signification, can be translated into nothing. If Mr. Chorley lived under the Inquisition, and that august tribunal, apprehensive that his words involved some mystic thrust at their true faith, were to place him on the rack until he could explain precisely what "the pedantic desire of exhausting a subject by over-appreciation" is intended to convey, he would probably remain "stretched," until not a joint was left unloosened, not a bone unbroken. This would be a lamentable catastrophe; but really such mock profundity is intolerable, and makes the act of reading a book a nuisance, instead of an agreeable diversion. Mr. Chorley is up to the eyes in it. He cannot, or will not, state even a plain fact (when, at rare intervals, he has one to state) plainly; but must turn and twist it about, until the meaning becomes completely enveloped in a mesh of words, as a fly in the trammels of the spider, Chorley-fied, in short, so thoroughly, that no one but the octonocular manufacturer himself can get at it. Mr. Chorley may, "without reserve, as without offence" (Chorley) be entitled a word-spider; since he wraps up his meaning in a film of verbosity, as uninviting as it is impenetrable.

(To be Continued.)

Unwarrantable Criticism of a Nobleman.

(From the London Musical World.)

SIR: Have you seen (and if so, why have you not noticed) the abominable onslaught committed by some free pen (morally equivalent to "booster") in the *Daily Telegraph* upon a recently exposed musical tableau of the Earl of Westmoreland? Let your readers judge of its malicious intent, and decide upon the punishment which should be the writer's due:

"ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC."

"A grand concert, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music—the one great musical school possessed by England—was given yesterday afternoon, at the Hanover Square Rooms, 'under the immediate patronage of her Majesty, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family.' All the vocalists and instrumentalists were associates or pupils of the Academy; but, with the exception of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's overture to 'Don Quixote,' the programme contained no compositions by Academicians, unless the noble patron of the institution be considered one. However that may be, a large portion of the concert consisted of pieces signed by the Earl of Westmoreland; and the audience, which as usual on these occasions comprised a number of well-known musicians, had thus an opportunity of judging how far the works of the composer whom the Academy delighted to honor are calculated to influence the students for good or for evil. If, as has been often publicly stated on good authority, the compositions of the Earl of Westmoreland are constantly executed by the pupils, it is certain that they must either utterly disregard their models, in which case a great deal of time and trouble are evidently thrown away; or they must, to some extent, imitate them; and, to tell the plain truth, the music of Lord Westmoreland is something not to imitate, but to avoid. Yesterday, after pieces by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, &c., had been sung by various pupils and associates, a selection from Lord Westmoreland's opera of *L'Eroe di Lancaster* was performed, the principal parts being taken by Miss Laura Baxter, Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Allan Irving.

The execution was sufficiently good, to say the least, and, as the noble earl, who from his seat in the stalls directed the singers by means of manual gesticulations, applauded the performance on several occasions, we may conclude that the music of the *Hero of Lancaster* was rendered in accordance with the intentions of the noble diplomatist who wrote it. To say that the ex-minister at the Court of Vienna is incapable of writing an opera, that he does not possess the gift of melody, nor the science of harmonic combinations; that his *Hero of Lancaster* is as dull as it is noisy, and as noisy as it is dull, is to state what every one who heard the selection from that work, already knows. There is nothing really offensive in saying so. Composition is not Lord Westmoreland's 'career.' Probably Dr. Sterndale Bennett would make no very creditable figure at Schönbrunn, and in the same way the ex-ambassador cannot shine at the Hanover Square Rooms. But there is a difference; Dr. Bennett never attempted diplomacy; and it would have been well for Lord Westmoreland, and better still for the Academy of Music, if he had never attempted composition. Or, if the noble earl's taste lies in that direction, why does he not have his works performed privately, or for the benefit of a small circle of acquaintances? There are liberties which a man is allowed to take with his friends, but which by common consent are forbidden in connection with the public. Thus, amateur quartet parties and amateur glee-clubs are suffered in private life, either because the various members have some remarkable moral qualities, or because they give good suppers, or for some other valid reason. But their performances would not be tolerated by the public; and if Lord Westmoreland would give his *Hero of Lancaster* at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, or any where but at a concert of the Academy, he would find that that too would not be tolerated. The mere production of a few pieces of weak operative music would not have elicited from us such violent expressions of disapprobation as we feel called upon to put forth when those pieces are known to be stock performances at an institution where it is supposed that our future composers are to be formed. A 'Battle Symphony,' a chorus with soli, and a quartet with harps, were the specimens given yesterday of this terrible *Hero of Lancaster*. The quartet, though thoroughly common-place, was, perhaps, a little better than the other pieces. The 'Battle Symphony' was a fight between the various instruments, in which the drums generally get the best of it; indeed, drums and harps seem to have peculiar charms for Lord Westmoreland, though it is fair to add that he does not forget the trombones, and the brass family in general. There is one instrument, however, which has been unaccountably omitted in the orchestration of the *Hero of Lancaster*, we mean the Lancaster gun. A little heavy artillery is all the 'Battle Symphony' required to make it perfect.

"After the Lancasterian affair, Misses Van Noorden, Baxter, and Palmer sang some popular songs." Now, Sir, let every honest and independent man speak out.

ANTI-PLEBS.

Church's Heart of the Andes.

The *London Times* of July 27 says that it is fortunate that the British public have the opportunity, in Mr. Church's picture, of judging of American Art under more favorable circumstances than if the painting were exhibited in a crowded gallery, like that of the Royal Academy. Of the painting itself it is said that in its equal power is shown with that displayed in the 'Niagara.' As an example of the literal and minute style of landscape painting, which some critics call "representative," others "historical," and others "topographical," it has never been approached for scale and elaborateness by any work of art yet shown in England. The *Times* goes on thus:

"The study and labor that must have been expended on Mr. Church's picture deserves to be called 'colossal.' Few men, indeed, would have ventured to grapple with a subject which announces itself as the representation of one of those vast table lands of Southern America out of which rise the majestic masses of the Andes. The picture is, in a certain sense, a generalization. The painter has ventured to bring into the compass of his large canvas objects which in strict topographical truth it could not have embraced. In order to present at once to the eye one of the enormous mountain spurs which shoot out across the valley that lies between the ranges of the Chimborazo on the west and Cotopaxi on the east, together with the snow-crowned summits of one of their giant peaks, the breadth of the space that separates the central pile from either of these mighty mountains has been diminished. We are thus enabled to embrace at a glance, in the middle distance, the table land intersected with its river, falling from level to level by a succession of cataracts; in the

* The sole way of eluding the dilemma.—"YELLOWFLUSH."

† "For unto us a child is born."

‡ The italics are Mr. Chorley's.

further distance the central mountain, made of up-piled hill on hill till the receding uplands are lost in bars of fleecy cloud; and far away on the extreme right of the composition, the eye reaches the topmost height crowned with a half-formed rainbow; and on the left the snow-capped domes and pinnacles of Chimborazo himself, glittering in sunlight under a canopy of cloudless blue.

The spectator is supposed to be standing at a considerable elevation, looking down on the river, which after cutting its way between banks of rock, thickly clothed with such tropical vegetation as is found at the height of the table land between Quito and Guayaquil, plunges into an abyss immediately under his height of observation. Before its plunge it forms a broad and glassy pool. Along its left bank runs the high road from Guarando to Hambato, which brings the produce of Quito to the port of Guayaquil, and conveys the foreign goods from the latter place of shipment to the interior of northern Ecuador. The scale of objects is given by a couple of figures, resting at the foot of a cross on the bank of the river. The whole foreground is a marvel of elaborate study. The banks of the river are clothed with forest trees, bright with parasitic orchids, their limbs matted with the green cordage of the lianas and wild vines, and rising from a dense undergrowth of ferns and lichens. Among this luxuriant greenery glow the gorgeous blossoms of the equatorial Flora, and the iridescent splendors of tropical birds and insects. Wandering sunbeams strike here and there, on tree trunk and lichen, pierce the fern-clad hollows of the cliff, or kindle into foam-bows in the spray of the waterfalls.

Perhaps it is in the representation of these sun freaks, and of all the incidents of the river's course, that the great pictorial skill of the painter is most strikingly manifested. But he has not sacrificed for any such details, however brilliant or tempting, the grandeur of his great whole. In so far as this is susceptible of representation by the 'minute' or 'topographical' method which Mr. Church follows, he seems to us to have done well-nigh all that can be done by the combination of close study, a keen eye and a most patient hand.

But many will be of opinion that no possible combination of these can re-produce the impression of a scene combining so many incidents in so colossal a whole, and that the 'suggestive' or 'imaginative' method can alone re-create for the spectator what the painter saw and felt under the shadow of Chimborazo. Be this as it may, Mr. Church's picture is not less a grand and a unique work. No landscape painter of our old world has ventured to grapple with such a range of nature as Mr. Church has boldly addressed himself to."

Music Abroad.

Paris.

At the Grand-Opéra Madame Caroline Barbot continues her appearances in the *Vépres Siciliennes* and the *Huguenots*. Madame Borghi-Mamo and M. Roger have taken leave for the season in *Le Prophète*; there is a report that M. Roger's engagement will not be renewed. Bellini's *Montecchi e Capuletti*, translated by M. Nutter, into *Romeo et Juliette*, is in rehearsal for the *début* of Madame Vestvali, and will, it is expected, be produced in a fortnight or three weeks. Gluck's *Alceste*, also, it is said, will be revived. M. Calzado is busy making arrangements for the opening of the Italiens. Mesdames Alboni, Penco, and Borghi-Mamo are already secured, and Tamberlik is engaged for at least twenty representations. The great tenor has been offered tempting conditions to go to Rio Janeiro for four months next summer, but has not yet decided. *L'Ambassadrice* was announced this week at the Opéra-Comique, for the *début* of Mlle. Cordier, but has been postponed. Auber is writing a new opera with M. Scribe for this theatre—good news for the musical public. The Théâtre-Lyrique is treading fast upon the heels of the elder houses in the Rue Lepelletier and the Rue Favart in point of energy and determination. The current bills announce the production of Gluck's *Orphée*, with Madame Viardot as Orphée, and Madame Carvalho as Eurydice; and *Don Giovanni* with Madame Viardot as Donna Anna, Madame Miolan-Carvalho as Zerlina, and Madame Ugalde as Elvira. Who is to personify the hero has not transpired.

His Excellency M. de Sabouloff, director of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, has refused to accede to Mario's demand of 120,000 francs for the season, although that included the services of Madame Gristi.

As appendix to the news that Auber is composing an opera, I may inform your readers that Rossini continues writing for the pianoforte. Whether he in-

tends publishing what he writes, or composes merely with a view to keep his mind occupied, I cannot say. I have heard some of the pieces spoken of in the highest terms.

The Sisters Marchisio, who have been creating so great a sensation at Florence and elsewhere, are engaged at the Grand-Opéra, and are coming out, it is said, in Rossini's *Semiramide*, which is about to be produced on the French stage for the first time.—*Corr. London Musical World*.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, writes (July 14):

Prince Poniatowski has his new grand opera nearly ready; he has gone to Saint Germain, where he has a country seat, to complete it; four acts are already composed and copied; he is at work on the fifth. Mons. and Mme. Gueymard-Lauters have been re-engaged at the Grand Opéra for four years, at 140,000f. for eleven months, one month of the twelve for which they receive this enormous sum of money being leave of absence. I believe the Opera has refused to renew M. Roger's engagement. His voice is completely gone. He will be obliged to follow M. Duprez's example, and open a singing school—not for the sake of the lessons at 20f. each, for he has saved quite a decent fortune out of his emoluments, but to kill time, and to maintain a court of flatterers around him. Your old friend Vestvali is to make her appearance at the Grand Opéra next winter in "I Capuletti," by Bellini, patched by Vaccai, and done into French by the Lord knows who.

Mme. Rosati has quarreled with the Opera; she found Mlle Livry too powerfully "protected;" she has gone to Russia, where the Italian Opera will have Mmes. Charton, Didié, Bernardi, Fabrice and Lagrua, with Messrs. Tamberlic, Mongini, Calzolari, Ronconi, Debassini, Marini and N. Rossi. Your old acquaintance, Montaubry, is even increasing in favor; he is the tenor of the Opéra Comique, and finds hearers even in the heat, which is more than most theatres can say. At the Vandeville, last Sunday week, they had not, beside the *claque*, a single spectator—not one single one; and at the Varieties they had but one. Musard has an open air concert-yard in the Champs Elysées, which is always full. No lady is admitted unless accompanied by a gentleman—quite a novel rule in Paris, and deeply resented by the frequenters of Mabille. The "Pardon de Ploermel" has been played at the Opéra Comique thirty-two times; it made 195,200f. Mons. George Kastner has been elected a free member of the Academy of Fine Arts.

They say a fine tenor has been discovered among the Austrian prisoners in France, and they tell the story of one of the Paris managers trying to find out where the man is, saying: "Now do, my dear fellow, please tell me where the fellow is to be found. Never mind if the man be gloomy—I'll order pieces appropriate to his situation; and if he desire it, I will insert an article in his engagement providing that he shall be called upon to sing nothing gay. Come, my dear fellow, give me his address." Is it not a good joke to think of guaranteeing a *super flumen Babylonis* to artists? The Grand Opéra talks of giving us the Duke of Cobourg's new opera, "Diane de Solanges," this winter. Why in the deuce cannot Dukes and Princes amuse themselves without tiring the public?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 20, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera, "Don Giovanni."

Musical Chit-Chat.

There is no music to be heard—at least none worth discussing, or which has not had all the discussion it deserved to have over and over again; the artists and the habitué's of opera and concert are all finding themselves happier without their art by seashore and among mountains; all, except a few restless Italian troupes of gold-thrivers who go *Trocat*—operating about in the Western States, and some groups of singers or of players who contrive to do a little business with their recreation at some watering place or mountain house; and except, of course, those who never rest or let us rest from the everlasting auricular purgatory of brass, and drums, and barrel organs. Yes, and except again a few useless sentinels who may

not leave their posts, but who must grind and grind, whether there be anything to grind or not: for such is the melancholy lot of those called musical editors and critics; being "nothing if not critical," how can such live and cease from criticizing, in season and out of season, the year round? Who edits a musical paper must keep the mill a-going; but it does not follow that he must always turn out flour, at least when nothing has been put in. He may be permitted then to grind perfunctorily, mechanically, in the most cool and tranquil manner, while his thoughts wander free among the mountains and the pleasant summer haunts, or realms of Fairy Land, taking vacation like the rest of the world. Speaking of musical critics, HECTOR BERLIOZ has written a new book, a very light and sometimes silly book, full of musical gossip and anecdote, which he calls *Les Grotesques de la Musique*, offered, as he says, in answer to a petition from the poor Paris opera chorus singers that he would give them something to amuse and console them amid their wearing labors. In it he has a chapter of "Lamentations of Jeremiah," setting forth the miseries of the poor musical critic in Paris, who always has something to criticize, and who is sure, wherever he may go, to be summoned back by the announcement of a brand new opera. It is indeed a doleful chapter, and this strain recurs at intervals:

"Too miserable critics! for them the winter has no fires, the summer no cool places. Always on the go, and always in a glow. All the time listening, all the time enduring. All the time in fact executing the egg dance, trembling lest one break a few, whether it be by praise, or whether it be by blame, when all the time one would so like to come down with both feet upon the whole mass of owls' and turkeys' eggs, with very little danger to the eggs of nightingales, so rare are such in these days. . . . And, after all, not to be able to hang up one's weary pen upon the willows by the river of Babylon, and sit down on the bank and weep at leisure!"

Of the travelling *troupe* operators above referred to we find three troupes noticed: one recently in Rochester, N. Y., "Parodi's celebrated Italian Company, of forty performers," including, besides herself, Signora Alaimo, Signors Sbriglia, Gnone, Barilli, &c., who have been Verdi-fying the verdant ones with *Traviata* and *Ernani*; besides giving (in Buffalo) *Norma* and *La Favorita*; and two in San Francisco, Cal.; an English troupe, singing *Trova-tore* and "Bohemian Girl" (Misses Durand, Hodson, and King, and Messrs. Lyster, Trevor, and Boudinot), and an Italian troupe (Signor and Signora Bianchi, Miss Kammerer, and others), singing *Norma*, and what else is easily imagined.

These reports come like hot South winds; a breath of fresher, purer air, and more soul-strengthening salutes us from North Conway, where our Mendelssohn Quintette friends are quartered amongst the happy hundreds of seekers for the beautiful in nature. They gave a *matinée* on Monday, which was crowded; the programme including the Quintet with clarinet, by Mozart; songs without words, from Mendelssohn; the Adagio from Beethoven's Septet, and another from Mendelssohn's second Quintet; "Il mio tesoro," arranged; and a song, Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, sung by a young lady of musical voice and feeling. The music was keenly enjoyed; and such concerts must add much to the attraction of the mountains. The Club have also performed at the Glen and Alpine Houses, and we hear they are highly appreciated wherever they go, both for the music which they bring and for themselves.

One bit of news the papers give us; one little glimpse of music in the immediate future for ourselves. Manager Ullman has flitted through town, leaving the impression that the Boston Theatre will be opened in the latter part of September for a few performances of opera, namely, *Saffo* and *Polinto*

(the Martyrs), with CORTESI and BRIGNOLI as principals. . . . The *Evening Post* tells us:

Susini, the basso, who sang here with Grisi and Mario, has received from the King of Piedmont a medal for his valor during the late war. It appears that he left the stage when the war broke out, and joined the famous corps of the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, where he performed such feats of bravery that he was promoted to the rank of Major. Strakosch is after him, as an offset to Carl Formes, who will find a worthy rival—

Degno nemico d'Attila—

in the valiant Major Susini. The *Eco d'Italia* of August 12th has the following item:

"It has been rumored in lyrical circles in this city that the editor of the *Eco d'Italia* and the baritone Assoni will be managers of a new Italian opera company, to perform in this city in opposition to the troupe at the Academy of Music. *Nihil volenti difficile.*"

Some sad news withal! One piece that is very sad—the sudden death (and it is feared by his own hand) of Signor CORELLI, our well-known singing teacher, the master who has done more than all others in Boston to train voices after the true Italian method. He was a man of much intelligence and very earnest in his work; one of the most artistic of tenor singers in his day; a man of a most excitable and nervous temperament. He had been suffering from a complication of diseases for more than a year past, and much of the time his mind wandered. He went to New York, in company with his friend Signor Monti, intending to embark for Italy; but ere the day of sailing came his friend lost sight of him, and, after some days of anxious suspense, the news came of his death, which took place on Long Island, on the 9th instant. Signor Corelli had many friends here, who will greatly mourn his loss.

ROGER, the famous French tenor, having just retired from the stage, has met with a sad injury. The accidental discharge of his gun, while he was out shooting in a park, has rendered the amputation of an arm necessary. . . . It is rumored that Mme. RISTORI has "nearly or quite" made up her mind to visit the United States, for the purpose of giving a series of dramatic matinées. . . . Mons. JULLIEN, who has been a prisoner in Clichy (Paris) since the beginning of May, has been set at liberty by a decree of the Imperial Court, reversing a judgment of the Tribunal of Commerce. A correspondent of the *New York Express* thus amusingly alludes to the great Mons. and his misfortune:

"Jullien, the unapproachable, the quondam rival of the original Musard, the prince of the polka, the king of the mazurka, the emperor of the waltz, and the god of the quadrille—Jullien languishes this hour in durance vile. You who remember the spotless brilliancy of his vest, the matchless smoothness of his cravat, the irreproachable curl of his shining brazen locks, the bounteous profusion of his shirt-ruffle, the gilt studs covered with devices dear to every patriotic American heart, the faithful representation of Broadway meandering down one side of his pantaloons, and an equally exact bird's-eye view of Wall street adorning the stripe of the other; you who remember the graceful bend of his body as he hushed his hundred serfs into the pianissimo passages, and the terrible rush of his baton through the air, as he spurred them to the final crash—you will drop a tear of commiseration over the fall of the mighty, especially when you consider that Clichy is never remarkable for airiness or luxury, and here we are in the middle of the dog-days."

In Dr. Leone's *Memoirs of Artists*, the late Prince METTERNICH is mentioned as an amateur musician. We are informed that he caused the composition of Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounie," and that at his suggestion Rossini made use of the song "Life let us cherish," in "Semiramis." Metternich considered as the best of the three operas "Don Juan," "Il Barbier," and "Linda." Rather a wide interval between the first and the last of these three! A London weekly paper alludes to the same subject:

To the world at large the late Prince Metternich is known only in his character of the greatest diplomatist of the age; but those who enjoyed the honor of his acquaintance are aware that his intellectual powers were by no means absorbed in diplomacy. He was a man of singularly versatile talent, and remarkable alike for his elegant tastes and varied attainments. In several branches of science the extent of his knowledge frequently occasioned surprise in those whose studies had been specially directed to such pursuits. Mechanics, architecture, botany, and horticulture formed the favorite amusements of his leisure hours. Prince Metternich loved to assemble around him men eminent for their talents and attainments, and his social intercourse with such persons helped

him to store his mind with the vast fund of knowledge he possessed. Metternich was a lover of all the fine arts, and to music he was passionately devoted. He was fond of conversing with musical composers, and of discussing questions in connection with what the Germans term "Tondichtung."

Rossini visited Vienna in 1822, and remained there about three years. The brilliant operatic company then assembled in the Austrian capital, comprised Mesdames James Fodor, Colbran, Mombelli, Signore Rubini, David, Lablache, Tamburini, &c., and "Zelmire," "Tancredi," "Otello," and "La Gazza Ladra" were performed in admirable style. The "Gran Maestro" was the frequent guest of Prince Metternich, and, as the latter himself declared, "he was an ornament of his salon." One evening, during a conversation on music and operatic composition, the Prince expressed to Rossini his ideas in reference to the characteristic difference between German and Italian music; he remarked that German character and feeling are forcibly reflected in some of the old national songs and popular melodies, as, for example, in the song "Life let us cherish":

*Freut Euch des Lebens,
So lange noch ein Funken glüht;
Pflücket die Rose,
Eh' sie verblüht.*

The Prince then hummed the air of the song, and asked Rossini whether he did not think it might be possible to interweave such a pure German melody into an Italian opera? Rossini smiled, took a very long pinch of snuff, and then asked the Prince to hum the air again.

The next opera which Rossini composed was "Semiramide," and who that has ever heard the air, "Freut Euch des Lebens," can fail to recognize it in the four first bars of the introduction?

A musical critic in a German journal thus expresses his disapproval of the recent Monster Concerts at the Sydenham Crystal Palace: "No musician can listen with anything like satisfaction to a concert in which the performers are numbered by thousands. In oratorios and symphonies the number of the performers has its limit; but seven thousand persons cannot be said to form either an orchestra or a chorus. They are merely a disconnected mass. The sounds they produce, whether vocal or instrumental, have no musical meaning, and the result is nothing but mere deafening noise. One may imagine a mob singing a song or hymn in *unisono*, and one may imagine the effect to be grand and imposing; but when a mob attempts to sing a chorus in parts, and, above all, a fugued chorus, certainly their efforts must produce anything but music."

The success which has attended the production of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's opera of "Diane de Solange," has, it is rumored, induced the director of the opera at Paris to enter into arrangements for its performance, and it is said that the principal part will be filled by Madame Stoltz. The plot of the opera is not very new, much the same idea belonging to the play of "Plot and Passion," and the younger Dumas's novel of "Un roman d'une femme." The heroine is one of those beautiful female spies who are employed to coquette with and betray their admirers. She, of course, falls in love with one of them, and betrays her employers instead.

Between the 1st December, 1858, and Easter, 1859, six new operas were performed in Germany—"Diane de Solange," by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; "The Barber of Bagdad," by Cornelius; "Anna of Landskron," by Abert; "Alfred of England," by Chemin-Petit; "The Forest of Hermanstadt," by Westmayer; and "Carlo Rosa," by Schultz.

Musical Correspondence.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., AUG. 15. — On my journey from the East to this place, a few days since, I was detained over one night in Pittsfield, Mass., among the Berkshire hills, where by chance I accompanied an acquaintance to a "closing soirée of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute," which has been established there, I understand, for some few years.

The performances seemed not to be intended for show or exhibition, but the pieces were all refined and classical in their nature, and given with an exactness and purity of execution that quite delighted me. Some little gems by Spindler, (*Mai-glöckchen*), were played with a charming sweetness of expression and delicacy of touch. Two beautiful songs were given from Mendelssohn, the one with, the other without words: "Auf Wiedersehn," with its sad yet delightful melody, and "Gondoline," also sad, yet

with a strange fascination in its harmonies. A vocal duet by Carschmann, "Welcome thou fair light of Heaven," and a vocal trio, "Hope," by Rossini, seemed to charm the audience as well as myself, and were richly deserving of the eloquent, though silent applause they received. I would like to speak of each piece separately, but my time is too short. "L'Esperance," by Fesca, for 4 hands, and Sonatas by Beethoven, Mozart and Clementi, were not the least attractive among them. The last piece, a Grand Fugue for 4 hands upon a theme from *Don Juan*, afforded opportunity for the exhibition of much skill in its execution, and also displayed to advantage the rich tones of the fine Grand Piano upon which it was performed.

After the completion of the programme, perfect silence reigned, and all seemed to desire something farther. Not knowing what they expected, I was delighted to see Prof. OLIVER, the Principal of the Institute, seat himself at the instrument. A breathless stillness reigned in the room during some fifteen or twenty minutes, while he improvised a most delightful Fantasia upon a favorite melody, by which every ear was charmed. Beauty of expression, roundness and purity of touch, a perfect and flowing smoothness of Adagio passages, together with brilliancy of inventive genius, and originality of thought, distinguished his performance, as I am told is always the case, when he consents to favor his friends in this way, though it is seldom. Before leaving, some beautifully executed drawings in black and colored crayons, by the pupils of the Institute, were pointed out to the audience, which proved not only greatly worthy of examination, but whose artistic merit was such as need not fear the closest scrutiny. I was told also that some prizes were distributed to those who excelled in the study of musical theory, at the close of a strict examination on the previous day. Having heard, in reply to my inquiries, of the faithful and thorough instructions given to pupils at this Institute, and also on account of circumstances that have come under my notice since reaching this part of the country, (which in some future letter I hope to communicate,) I am led to desire earnestly that its patronage may be widely extended, and that many of its enlightened pupils may be sent abroad as teachers, to shed light upon the more than musical twilight and ignorance which reigns outside of our large towns, in country and village. VOYAGER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 16. Nothing at all yet stirring in music. In about a month, however, affairs will be much changed, and we shall probably have two opera companies in full blast. They say that CARL FORMES has engaged Niblo's Theatre and will open with a first-rate company, including himself as basso, his brother THEODORE as tenor, BADIALI as baritone, and one JENNY PAUR as prima donna. They will branch out of the usual Italian repertoire and give us the operas of Flotow and other modern German composers. In the meantime the preparations at the Academy of Music promise us CORTESI, COLSON, PATTI, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and other old favorites; but as yet the novelties Mr. STRAKOSCH may receive abroad, are not known. It is quite certain that PICCOLOMINI will return with him, as she is found to draw better than many superior artists. Perhaps another effort would be made to engage GRISI and MARIO, who would now be better appreciated than on their former visit. Mario is as good as ever, and Grisi can still electrify her listeners by occasional bursts of lyric grandeur that no other living artist can attain.

It is noticeable that a great number of the artists who came to New York, like the place so well that they stay here. The German troupe imported here a few years ago, failed to do well, but on disbanding the members all settled here, and one of the *prima donne*, Mme. Von BERKELE is now singing at the Palace Gardens. The Italians like it here too—LA GRANGE was delighted with the place, and PARODI and GAZZANIGA appear as much pleased. Why should Frezzolini and Formes and Piccolomini return if they did not understand the great advantages of New York as a money-giving, and music-loving place?

It is, of course, too early to learn anything about the concert prospects of the next season. The Philharmonic will continue as usual, and it is probable that Mr. EISEL will resume his delightful classical soirées. There can be no doubt, however, that the opera will be the great musical feature of the season, for opera is constantly becoming more popular here. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*, it is expected, will be a success second only to Verdi's other favorite operas, *Trovatore* and *Traviata*. Halévy's *La Juive* is a rather heavy affair, and I fear it will not be popular here. However, both of these operas will be next season presented to a New York public.

Trovator.

LONDON, JULY 12.—I have already given you an account of the performance on the first day of the Festival. Profiting by my experience on that day, I took care to procure good seats for the remaining concerts, and consequently, when the second day arrived I quite luxuriated in going out to Sydenham very deliberately indeed, and was in just the right frame of mind to enjoy the rush which took place at the depot among the anxious individuals who did not have secured seats. Having been once over the ground, I made my way with ease and strolled into the Palace in quite a different direction from the one leading to my seat. I had some time to spend and wished to see all that was possible. During my wanderings through the building, I saw a very battered old anvil, which bore an inscription which declared it to be the veritable anvil used by the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and as such it received much attention. In due time I made my way to my seat, and again beheld the vast array of the chorus and orchestra spread out before me.

The selection for this day was the "Dettingen Te Deum," to be followed by choruses selected from different oratorios of Handel. But the "Te Deum" was the great attraction. This work, which is almost unknown in our country, is the last and greatest of five hymns set to the "Te Deum Laudamus" by the great composer. It was produced for the first time in 1743, on the occasion of the rejoicings for the victory gained at Dettingen that year, over the French army. It is nearly all chorus, the only exceptions bass solos, which are three in number. Throughout the hymn the sopranos are divided into two parts. The effect may hardly be imagined and can certainly not be described. The appointed time for commencing arrived and the vast multitude rolled forth the magnificent opening chorus: "We praise thee, O God." It is nearly all solid chorus, with but little faguing, and the effect was wonderful. I had never heard the music before, except by getting what effect I could on the piano, but had expected something very grand. The first hearing more than fulfilled my expectations. The praise of God seemed to roll forth in tones of thunder. I did not now listen as on the first day, to see what were the capabilities of such a chorus. Having already experienced its strength I felt confident that all would go smoothly, and resigned myself to the spirit of the music. The chorus ceased, but almost at once, after a short prelude, the magnificent body of altos opened the next chorus in majestic style: "All the earth doth worship thee." In this chorus is introduced one of Handel's masterly specimens of word-repetition. As in "Israel in Egypt" he dwells, in the chorus: "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies," on the passage: "Not one, not one, there was not one of them left," thereby giving great force to the passage, so in this chorus the word "all" is often repeated for great emphasis. The great chorus "To thee cherubim and seraphim" was rendered grandly. But this might be said of all the choruses, so why should I particularize? The bass solos: "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ," "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man," and "Vouchsafe, O Lord," were rendered finely by Sig-

nor BELLETTI, who is a remarkable instance of an Italian being a truly appreciative oratorio singer. But this gentleman is a thorough artist and never attempts anything which he cannot do satisfactorily. If one chorus could be said to have been better sung than any other, I think that one would be the last, "O Lord, in thee have I trusted," which was sung to perfection, if such a thing can be.

But now the concert came to a stop for about an hour, to allow the hungry visitors to descend from the heights above, to more terrestrial pursuits. Remaining in my seat, to hear what my neighbors might say about the past glories, I was horrified at the criticisms I heard. The remarks I then heard confirmed the impression which had been gradually making its way into my mind, that the Londoners are not really so well capable of appreciating great works as Bostonians, but they certainly patronize them more.

The recess was finally at an end and the second part commenced with two recitatives and the air: "Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed," from "Belshazzar," sung by SIMS REEVES. This was followed by the chorus "Ring, oh ye Heavens," from the same. Then came the glorious chorus from "Saul," "Envy, eldest born of Hell." Right splendidly was this sung, and deservedly was it encored. Then came the immortal "Dead March." Would it not be folly for me to say that it was played finely? I shall only say that the number in the orchestra was 459, and all fine musicians; surely that will convince you better than I could do, that it was never so performed before. This was followed by the double chorus from "Samson": "Fixed in his everlasting seat," and the eight parts of the chorus came out distinctly. Madame CLARA NOVELLO sang the air "Let the bright seraphim," very finely, and set the dotting Londoners into ecstasies of delight. The fine chorus from "Judas Maccabæus": "Oh Father, whose almighty power," which was given with effect, was followed by the air "Sound an alarm," which rang out like the notes of a clarion from the magnificent voice of Sims Reeves. This was his greatest triumph during the Festival, and the greatest triumph of so great a singer is something of note—of course it was encored. To appreciate his power of lungs you must understand that I was three hundred feet distant from him, yet heard his voice ring out as clear as a trumpet.

The song: "From mighty Kings he took the spoil," was finely rendered by that true artist, Miss DOLBY. This lady is one of the few singers who try to render the composer's meaning without making themselves too prominent. Her voice is somewhat worn, but it is a real source of satisfaction to listen to her. The duet: "Oh never, never bow we down," was sung by CLARA NOVELLO and Madame RUDERSDORFF. The latter lady has a voice of most beautiful quality and sings with far more taste than Madame Novello—and I have wondered much that she was not more thought of. Finally came the chorus: "See the conquering hero comes," right splendidly sung by the ponderous body of voices. The Queen had announced her intention of being present on this day, but was prevented, owing to the sickness of her mother, so that the National Anthem was not sung as laid down on the programme. The concert of the second day was at an end and had proved thoroughly satisfactory in all respects. I speak of its apparent effect on the majority of the audience. For myself the word *satisfied* seems tame. I was more than satisfied. Had I not heard the glorious "Dettingen," the one work of Handel's for a hearing of which I had longed for years! Had I not heard Sims Reeves when he surpassed himself? Had I not heard what could never be forgotten to my dying day? Satisfied! Indeed I was fully, deeply satisfied. It was with a heart full that I turned towards London, where with the multitude I arrived in safety, and so ended the second day of the Festival. W. H. D.

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